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(For the Saturday Press.)

A GANG OF SWINDLERS EXPOSED.

We are able to congratulate our fellow citizens on the detection and exposure of a gang of counterfeiters and swindlers which has long infested our city, but whose operations have usually been conducted under the mask of such plausible respectability, that they have up to this time utterly deceived and misled a too unsuspicious public. It was lately discovered that this Company of Art-ful Designers has been holding its meetings in a well-known building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and 23d Street, where night after night they have inveigled crowds of young men and innocent females, and after robbing them of their money at the door, have not scrupled to poison their tender minds by presenting to their view a number of handsomely framed Daubs—all of which are so utterly worthless, that the sooner they are swept out into the gutters, the better for all concerned.

The band of forgers, swindlers, counterfeiters and humbugs to which we allude, has for a long time been able by sheer impudence and by presuming upon the good-nature of an ignorant and credulous public, to escape detection, and even enjoy the privileges and immunities of honest men. That time is past. Thanks to the perseverance, sagacity, and energy of a brave man—one of the Pre-Raphaelite Policemen, we are told—we can entertain hopes that the works of these miserable deluders of public opinion, are thoroughly exposed and brought to contempt. On Saturday last this heroic and perspicacious individual, who, with a powerful eye-glass, had been for weeks reconnoitering the building above named—having fortified himself with a stiff glass of milk and water, mixed with a few drops of Ruskin's Celebrated Bitters, and taking under his arm a stout cudgel from the sour apple-tree on which Mr. J. Davis has not been hanged, proceeded to the rooms infested by this gang of conspirators against Art,—and in the short space of two columns by the time in the office of the Weekly Snapping Turtle, succeeded in driving out every mother's son of them—scattering their wretched designs right and left, and laying all their colors prostrate in the mud of his own genius. There never was such utter confusion and dismay as that caused by the sudden onslaught of the brave young disciple of the new school of art. Everybody and everything in the rooms was pitched out of doors—with the exception of one deformed infant Pre-Raphaelite whom nobody noticed in the crowd, and who was suffered to remain, having pleaded ignorance of the company in which he was found.

"Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum." Let justice be done, though the ceiling of the M. A. should come down upon the head of the unhappy wight who never could have foreseen how the building he had planned would ever be consecrated to humbug.

Ladies and gentlemen, the curtain is about to fall on the Academic stage! There will be no more artist's Fun! Humbug is exploded! Criticism—of the justest, of the truest, of the sweetest, is to prevail!—(See the New York Oracle, and the Weekly Snapping Turtle.)

But what will the poor Academy do? *Quo nunc abibis in loca?*

We have not yet learned when the trial of the Art-swindlers is to take place. It is thought that they will all make full confession of their guilt (gilt frames included) and that the President will pardon them, along with the host of conspirators and Secessionists who have been endeavoring to undermine their country's prosperity.

In our opinion they all deserve to be hanged beside their pictures.

C. P. C.

(For the Saturday Press.)

ALL ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.

Mr. Editor:

Knowing that anything new in regard to that poet who was "not for an age but for all time," must be acceptable to you and your readers, I make bold herewith to transmit some extracts from a life of Shakspeare written by his friends, Beaumont and Fletcher, which I luckily fell in with, in an obscure corner of the Astor Library. The volume itself is a quaint little affair bound in vellum and printed in the black-letter type of the Elizabethan age, and is entitled "Ye Life of ye Poet, William Shakespeare, by ye Friends of ye Shakespeare, Masters Beaumont and Fletcher. Lond. 1612. 12 mo. pp. 15. R G W.

William Shakspeare was born April 1st, 1564, in the delightful village Avon on the Stratford. He was commonly known among his associates as Billy Shakspeare (and some facetiously called him *Play* Bill from his early predilection for the stage) when but a small boy he evinced a remarkable talent for holding horses, which occupation he pursued until the introduction of stone posts in front of houses. The following naive remark he is said to have made when short of work: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse," but nobody wishing to trade he was obliged to turn his attention to poaching. This manly and innocent pur suit he followed with indifferent success until he was detected and fined (or perhaps better found and detected) when he abandoned this pursuit wisely concluding that the profits in any event were but deer. From this point our hero begins to run down-hill rapidly, occupying his time in drinking, carousing, and play acting until his friends concluded he was a bad Bill and would not pass in good society. He likewise about this time took to writing plays for stage representation, and notwithstanding all his wrongdoings people very paradoxically said he did write well.

Notwithstanding his loose ways our friend William was always noted for his firm adherance to truth; the following anecdote is in illustration of this trait. "When quite a lad his father presented William with with a nice new shining hatchet, and William in the first flush of joy incident on receiving the gift, went into his father's garden and cut down his father's favorite pear-tree; which his father soon after observing, called William to him and said, "William, do you know who cut down my pear-tree?" The lad with an ingenious and ingenuous smile on his manly countenance raising his head, replied, "Father, I cannot tell a lie, Ben Jonson cut down the pear-tree." His father taking the lad upon his knee, patted his head and said to him, "My son, I would rather you would tell a thousand lies than lose my pear-trees." How many of William's youthful peccadiloes will not this beautiful adherence to truth wipe away!

There is a theory that our friend Shakspeare is still in existence; if this is true, he has now arrived at the ripe old age of 301 years. The theory is founded on his last words which are reported to have been, "I still live," and it being improbable that he would falsify under such circumstances, and having heard nothing to the contrary, it is fair to presume that he is not dead yet.

Among the cotemporaries and associates of our hero were some very remarkable characters, the most notorious of whom were a Mr. McBeth, a butcher by trade, who was troubled with delirium tremens, and throughout the course of an eventful life was haunted by visions of daggers, witches and ghosts. He was finally killed in a boxing match, by an Irishman called Pat. McDuff. His dying speech was, "Lay on McDuff and (no matter what becomes of him)* who first says he's fit enough."

* These words I have taken from Mr. Bullfinch's excellent edition of Shakspeare's works. As the original are so profane as to be ill-adapted for eneral readers.

Another of his friends was a certain Richard III., Esq., a fisherman from Gloucester, who consumed most of his career in sticking folks and smothering babies; he gave up his life in a useless attempt—to take Richmond, which was afterwards taken and held by one Grant. His last words were, "I'm going to be an angel and with the angels dwell," which are supposed by commentators to be sarcastical.

Another of our hero's friends was a Mr. Lear (so called from a peculiar expression of countenance) he had a good deal of trouble in bringing up a large family of daughters, and finally gave it up as a bad job and died. His last words were, "How sharper than a serpent's fang 'tis to have a toothless child." Porcelain teeth with vulcanised rubber backs had not then been invented, or the old gentleman might still be alive.

Another was a contraband by the name of Othello; he was a jealous old cuss and smothered his wife with a bolster, because she lost her pocket-handkerchief. He finally killed himself and served him right. His last words were, "Although now a Moor I shall soon be no more. Othello's occupation's gone," (meaning he had no more wives to smother).

Although there were many other characters, friends of Mr. Shakspeare mentioned by Masters Beaumont and Fletcher in their invaluable biography, I will not weary your patience with further extracts, save to give one or two specimens of Shakspeare's poetry as indicative of his style.

For its vivid description and as a charming picture of domestic life the following is inimitable:

"There was an old woman lived under a hill,
If she's not dead she lives there still."

The following will give you some idea of our poet as a humorist:

"Hey diddle dumpling, my son John,
He retired to rest with his nether habiliments on:
One hose off, and one hose on,
Hey diddle dumpling, my son John." *

The following for its great moral truths and excellent advice, has been and will be read by countless thousands:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
For 'tis their nature too;
But little children shouldn't let their angry passions rise,
Their little hands were never made
For to scratch out each other's eyes out.'

For the Saturday Press.

ANOTHER FELINE "ATTACHMENT."

MY DEAR EDITOR:

Mr. Phœnix's entertaining description of his "feline attachment," as applied to a sewing-machine, reminds me of a similar application of cat-power in an ingenious musical instrument that I wot of. And as every successful attempt to utilize the incalculable feline energy which is constantly expended on our fences and roofs, and in our back yards, must be a public benefit, I hesitate the less to communicate what I know. I would simply suggest to Messrs. Mason & Hamlin, that my friend intends to patent his invention, and I hope, therefore, that this (perhaps) premature announcement will not tempt them to apply it to their parlor organs, without paying him handsomely for the privilege. In perfecting his instrument, he has encountered much opposition, by reason of the refractory nature of the material, and has numerous scars to witness.

But, not to waste time, the contrivance to which I refer, is a Cat-seraphine, or Harmonica, and is constructed as follows: Thirteen cats of various ages and sizes are selected and tuned. The latter process is of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. A box is constructed with thirteen holes and a key-board in front. The cats are introduced into the box, and their respective tails drawn through the holes to the full length, and secured by a slide drawn down upon them by a lever at one end. A sliding lid, with respiration, is also let down on the back side of the box. The extremities of the tails are then secured to the respective keys by a simple but efficient contrivance, the immediate effect of which is to keep up an undertone of feline remonstrance exceedingly suggestive and appetizing. The keys have a longer leverage than the ordinary piano keys—the peculiarity of the Cat-Seraphine being *forte*—and are so constructed as to bear an indefinite pressure, only limited by the resisting or tensible power of the tails. The instrument is now ready for use, and a practiced performer can produce surprising results. I ought not to omit mention however of the grand *forte* pedal, by means of which *all* the tails are pulled at once. This is used to produce the *sforzando*, and the effect is truly terrific. It is proposed to introduce it into certain passages of Wagner's "Tannhauser," and there can be no doubt that when it is done, the great Composer will turn in his grave, or would, if he was dead.

It is necessary to say that when the performance is over, the cats should be liberated only to the extent of half their tails. Otherwise, they immediately decamp for parts unknown, and manage to convey such a terror to the other cats in the neighborhood, that not an individual of the tribe is to be found within five miles. My friend, having carelessly dismissed his orchestra at one time, giving them the range of a large close room, had the mortification to see the whole tribe, headed by the double C in basso, down to the kitten, F in alto, dart instantly through a pane of glass, and disappear. He was obliged to go to a neighboring town to collect another instrument, and had vast trouble, at that.

It is clear that cats, like human beings, do not appreciate their capabilities, but that is no reason why their living organs as well as their resined intestines should not subserve the Muse.

Yours faithfully,

ORPHEUS.

* The original words of this charming little song are so coarse that I have again availed myself of Mr. Bulfinch's rendering as better suited to the improved state of the morals of the age in which we live

(For the Saturday Press.)

IT WAS A DREAM.

[TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.]

"*Ich hatte einst ein schoenes Vaterland*"

I had, one time, a lovely native land:
The oaks did seem
To grow so high, with violets nodding by—
It was a dream.

One kissed me, German-like—in German said
(I scarcely deem
Such sound could be) the words: "I love but THEE"—
It was a dream.

C. B. CONANT.

(For the Saturday Press.)

NOVEMBER.

BY WILD EDGERTON.

Who chaunts thy praises, sombre, bleak November—
Who greets thy passing in the year's procession?
Thou art but usher to the grim December
And few hearts hold thy days in dear possession.

The world finds solemn music in thy bustle,
Sweeping the threshold of the Wintry King,
And minstrels sigh at every dead leaf's rustle
And melancholy mars the songs they sing.

Here's one who hails thee chief of all thy brothers—
The varying twelve who march all years between—,
The gayer months perchance may charm most others,
But thou my dearer friend hast ever been.

To me thou bringest wealth of untold pleasure,
Recalling scenes my soul with joy remembers—
Seasons of rest and gladness beyond measure,
Beside my cheerful hearth's bright glowing embers.

I love to draw the curtains close and listen
To the strange music of thy breathings low,
While tears of joy upon my lashes glisten
Because thou callest up the long ago.

I would not have thy hoarse voice any clearer,
Nor changed the cadence of thy wildest tune—
The song my chimney sings to-night is dearer
Than any whisperings of May or June.

I know the Autumn leaves, without, are lying
In drifted piles men's heedless feet beneath,
Which little thought, a while ago, of dying,
And crowned the summer with triumphant wreath;

I know the sapless boughs in pain are swaying,
And bowing farewells to departing leaves;
I know the mournful things the winds are saying
And hear the dripping of the weeping eaves;

Yet brings this sadness to MY heart no sorrow,
So full it is of bright thoughts thou hast brought,
And I shall smile as well as thou, to-morrow,
Over the ruin that thy hands have wrought;

And I shall gladly see some leaves still clinging
To lonely branches swept by thy rough breath,
And hear among them some fond birds still singing
Requiems o'er the faithful unto death.

So, for thy memories and useful lessons
And plaintive songs it cheers me to remember,
I hold thee dearer than all other seasons,
And love thee, fitful, frowning, chill November.

(From the Bunkum Round Table)

A PLAIN TALK WITH COLONEL POTTS.

We are glad to know that Colonel Potts has returned to his native town. Not but that we deem his presence of great value in the tented field, but for his wife's sake we rejoice at his reappearance among us. Proud of him as the commanding officer of the "Bunkum Buffs," admiring him as the deliverer of his country in the hour of peril, reverencing him as a moral man as well as a military one, we yet must be allowed to express our regret, too deep though it is for utterance, at some part of his conduct since his return to our peaceful hamlet.

Less than five ars ago a plain cobbler in

our worthy fellow-townsman Jenkin's shop,—to-day he is one of the great commanders of history, and ranks with Wellington and Hannibal, and Captain Kidd. What wonder that our community regard him with high respect almost too deep for utterance.

Latterly, however, since his return, his course has pained some of our best citizens. It was well enough of itself to accept an ovation from our people, but there were incidents connected with it which done him no credit. It would have been well for him, well for the position he fills so ably, well for Bunkum which cherishes him so, if that scurrilous sheet, the FLAGSTAFF, had not reported them to the public. Would that he had possessed one true friend to dissuade him from yielding to the allurements that were so adroitly placed before him. Would that he had encountered us, and quietly taking us into a corner, had said: "Sol Prigg, shall I do this thing?" But he did not, and the scandal ere this has coursed upon the wings of the morning, by horse-boat and canal-barge, from Maine to Florida.

Who are the men with whom Col. Potts was seen on that occasion? There was Joe Wilkie, a notorious sporting man and the winner of the "Bunkum Belt," so-called. He is certainly no gentleman, and we are sure that he has never been invited to the Dorcas Sewing and Tea Circle of this village. Yet this is the man with whom Colonel Potts walked up Main Street!!! Together they went to see Bob Bommer's mare race in the turnpike against Captain Vanderbill's bay horse Billy. Hearing of this, our mind instinctively recurred to Gen. Washington, the Father of his Country, and asked if he would have sneaked off in this way to see a lot of jockeys trot horses. (To be sure, that scandalous fellow Irving, says in his book, that Gen. Washington kept a stud of fast horses, and used to go cavorting about the country in company with a lot of sporting men after foxes and things, and then used to dine 'em and wine 'em when they got done: but this is evidently a libel on a great and good man, the foul outpouring of the brain that invented that absurd story of Rip Van Winkle.)

To return to our vomit, as the French say, we recur-red as it were to the late lamented Colonel Scheesick, the predecessor of our hero in the command he so gracefully fills to repletion, and asked if he would have consorted with sporting men and low fellows.

We make all due allowance for the persistency with which persons of low origin will foist themselves upon their betters, but we are unable to excuse the Colonel of the Bunkum Buffs for meeting on terms of familiarity men who have yet to cross the threshold of the Bunkum Ladies' Dorcas Sewing and Tea Circle. We commend to him the proverb that a dog is known by the company he keeps.

We speak thus plainly because of the high esteem in which, in common with the American people, we hold Col. Potts. The country owes him a debt, and we don't know any man to whom we would sooner lend five dollars. But he owes it to himself, to the Buffs and to his creditors to keep at a respectable distance such fellows as Joe Wilkie. True, ours is a democratic country, but that is no reason why a proper degree of respect should not be paid our rulers on the one hand, and they carry a pretty stiff upper lip on the other, and *vice versa*. And if the highest officer of the Bunkum Buffs sees fit to hob-nob with Joe Wilkie and that crowd, how can he complain if the little boys hallo hi! hi! when they see him out of doors with his regimentals on? Our feelings are too deep for utterance. Let us pause.

JOSH BILLINGS TO HIS PUBLISHER.

POKEEPSIE, Nov. 2, 1865.

DEAR CARLTON:—

I have your letter in which you propose to publish my book in the Spring. The letter has me. I see it. Procrastination iz a good thing, espeshially when a man has about made up his mind to be hung.

We appear in the Spring. The flowers and the frogs do the same thing. We can afford to wait for fame. Fame insists upon being waited for. She picks her company.

But never mind; eventually the book will make us both famous and rich. I am now looking at a house and lot with the view of being rich. I have been rich twice in my life, and was a great fool that I did not remain so.

I am glad, "George," you are making the book pikturesque. Piktures are fables, good as proverbs. Thare is some things in the Book that I think are good. They cost me some reflection, and some experience, and if it makes one man laugh heartily, it will be pleasant to think of. I once wrote to a friend thusly:

"What I think, and what I can write, is instant. I can't set down and alter it enny more than I can set down and calmly think how to lift a ton." And although I want under oath when I said this, swareing to it would not have improved it. The community must take me, as men do their wives, not always for their beauty, but always for better or for worse.

This peculiarity in my manufacture has been my bane. Oh, how I have worked, at some of my foolish productions, and when I had succeeded in altering them, they were poor sore geldings indeed. I envy the man who can pick the chaff out of his grain by hand, but the breeze is my fanning mill, and though much may be lost in the winnowing, it is soon over.

I am now thinking of taking up my local habitation in New York. I want to git a situation in an auction establishment. I am an *honest* auctioneer. Their may not be much demand for the article, but I have got in the habit of it, and that is all the virtue I claim. Honesty is about as much a *habit* as any thing else. If you should see any boddy looking around for just such a man as I am tell them I am on exhibition. I am on the "Press Club Association" of Philadelphia for a lecture this winter. This club represents all the Publishers in their city, and if a feller strikes oil in their presence, look out for a 200 barrell well—self-spouting.

Good-bye, George, and may heaven strain a point, and have mercy on both of us.

With "great expectations," I remain,

Profoundly and evidently yours,

JOSH BILLINGS.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

MY RIVAL—A PROBLEM.

BY EDWIN R. JOHNSON.

My rival is not an Apollo,
Nor has he much brains or cash;
But it don't necessarily follow,
That no hearts 'neath his Juggernaut smash,
Its wheels even now I hear rumbling
Over shrines where I've wasted my pearls;
For my rival possesses a something—
A something that takes with the girls.

You may talk all your will of your tall talk,
Of politics, letters or art,—
When he opens his bundle of small talk,
You may as well pack up and start.
Of the hour then does Folly become king,
While Wisdom her banner unfurls;
For he has the omnipotent something—
The something that takes with the girls.

I am not myself over witty,
And on wags of small means do not frown;
But his humor's so rough-hewn and gritty
That I couldn't make it go down.
Yet his least joke—they think is a rum thing,
And laugh at his quips and quirls;
For he has the wonderful something—
The something that takes with the girls.

I can write more rhymes than he can,
And my friends say they're better ones too;
My drinks wouldn't empty a wee can,—
He carouses till all is blue.
But he is a darling, sweet dumpling,
The churlishest I of churls;
And the difference lies in that something—
That something that takes with the girls.

He don't dress in the height of the fashion,
Nor indite complimentary sonnets
To tasty young ladies who lash on
A bag of horse-hair 'neath the bonnets.
Still I must stand like a dumb thing
When the glare of defiance he hurls,
In awe of that terrible something—
That something that takes with the girls.

He's not brave; for I've seen him o'erpowered
And kicked by a man half his size;
And the fist of an impudent coward
Might dally at will with his eyes.
But the usage that I'd think so humbling,
Not a sail of his vanity furls;
For still he relies on that something—
That something that takes with the girls.

It cannot be aught in his manner,
For he's boorish wherever he goes;
If a lady allows him to fan her
He is certain of striking her nose:
Yet his castles in Spain are not crumbling,
And his peg-top of hope still whirls,
Because of that magical something—
That something that takes with the girls.

Now wherefore should he be successful,
While my honest bosom must bleed?
My muse is ingenious and guessful,
But that riddle she never could read.
Perhaps it might cost me more stumbling
In the presence of bright eyes and curls;
But I WOULD like to find out that something—
That something that takes with the girls.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

INCONSTANCY DEFENDED.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

Nay, do not accuse me of breaking my vow,
Because I have loved you, and love you not now;
SHE was faithful and fond whom I fervently swore
To hold in my heart, and forever adore;
But since you're another—Heaven pity us both!—
To be loving you, now, would be breaking my oath!

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

THE BOLD MARINERS OF THE CENTRAL PARK.

Visitors at the Central Park cannot fail to have noticed, as not the least among the attractions of that charming retreat, the highly ornate being known as the boatman on the lake. We can scarcely tell whether he is to be regarded as a work of nature or of art, but in either case his merits deserve a more public acknowledgement, and now that the season is over we beg leave to pay our humble tribute of admiration. There are many points of interest in his character and situation, and many questions which occur to a reflecting mind.

In the first place, we remark that the boatman is brave. There is no swagger, or bravado about him; nothing but the repose of true courage; he is fully aware of the perils that beset him in his eventful career; well does he know that he is constantly liable to collision with a swan, or a bridge, and that there is nothing but a plank—or, to speak with precision, nothing but a half inch plank and three coats of paint, between himself and Eternity: yet nothing shakes his steadfast soul: calm resolution sits upon his brow and nerves his arm as he takes his life—(and his scull) in his hand, and steers boldly out into the remorseless deep. He braves alike the ardent sun of August—(under an awning,) and the fierce blast of November, sweeping down "tyrannous and strong," from the rocky promontories to whelm his devoted bark.

As he is brave so also is he courteous. Observe the chivalric grace with which he escorts the fair into his boat, and the winning suavity of his replies to the sometimes rather imbecile observations of his passengers.

Thus far we can speak with tolerable certainty, but there is much in the career of this noble rover of the deep which must be left to conjecture, and we proceed to our questions, but with small hope of satisfactory reply.

We should like to know, for instance, how long it takes him to get his sea legs on?

Does he ever get becalmed on the line, and perish miserably of thirst?

Does he have to undergo quarantine, and is he addicted to smuggling?

Is he the proprietor of a "Black Eyed Susan" who cries adieu! and waves her lily hand, as he departs on his long and perilous voyages?

Does he ever receive cards of thanks from his grateful passengers, and is he compelled to read them?

Where does he go when it is his watch below?

Does he ever splice the main brace, or in default thereof, does he rest content with splicing the painter?

Has he a taste for swearing, and if so, in what fashion? Does he shiver his delicate timbers, and anathematize his bloody personal optics in the large and breezy manner of his salt water brethren; or does he give utterance to sonorous and antiquated epithets, like the good people in James' novels? We should like to hear a specimen of the Lake school of profanity.

What becomes of him in the winter? We can imagine the gallant boatman and his confrères fraternizing over a glass of amber ale, or golden sherry—(for surely nothing so vulgar as grog ever goes down their immaculate hatches)—and relating their thrilling adventures.

Tom. Tiller, perhaps, begins the strain, in some such form as this—"When I was in the old Linnet off Cygnet Point"—to whom responds Ben. Boat-hook—"It was a dirty night in Swan'sdown Bay, when the Daisy four oars was hove too waiting for a pilot, &c." But we fear that "spinning yarns," is too gross an amusement for these refined natures, and it is easier to fancy them, seated "in a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall;" and discoursing after their manner of "Piscator" and "Venator," in quaint and tender eclogues and pastorals inspired by the dainty scenery amid which they pass their lives.

Finally, we should like to ask, what is to be the ultimate destiny of these gentle creatures? We cannot tell whether the jurisdiction of "Davy Jones" extends over fresh water; but if such be the case, we trust that he will not have the cruelty to allow them to herd together indiscriminately with the rude denizens of the forecastle. Tar and Nectar mingled! Perish the thought!

How can we imagine their disembodied spirits, seated on phantasmal sea chests, with the simulacre of a rusty tin pan, and the shade of a rustier iron spoon, eating unsubstantial—"Burgoo," or "Dandefunk," or "Skilligolee," or "Bangan," or "Swamp-seed," washed down with visionary "Studding-sail boom tea?"

Humanity shudders at the picture!

Let us rather hope that the aforesaid Jones is too much of a gentleman to permit such an enormity, but that he will reserve for these blest shades the cosiest corner of his locker, where they may dwell together in peace and unity, and as they are lovely in their lives, so in their deaths they may not be divided.

For the Saturday Press.)

JIM.

Jim is a boy who came home with one of our returning regiments.

He was born in a warm climate, has close curly hair, and a very dark complexion.

Don't know his other name—am not certain that he has any.

The father of the young officer who brought Jim home, is fond of good living and dogs, took quite a fancy to the droll boy, and gave him a place as pet and chore-boy on his farm.

Here he used to go through the manual of arms, with a broomstick for a gun, for the gratification of visitors, play with the dogs, do chores, and—eat.

Jim likes to eat.

He had but a sorry time of it, drifting about with the rebel army, and his rations were irregular.

When the officers of his regiment were on short commons, he got nothing, to speak of; when provisions were plenty, he fared sumptuously.

Jim had "what was left," and he made it a point to eat it all, be it more or less.

He was a boy of some natural ability, and could generally accomplish what he undertook.

It was not often a difficult task to eat "what was left."

One day he drifted across into the Union lines, where he fared better.

His good nature and comical tricks made him a favorite with the officer, and he took him home.

At the farm he has easy work, and a good opportunity to eat, and has grown bigger and stouter. It is more than a year now since he came to the farm.

He has grown tall, and his appetite has not diminished.

He has learned some things, is handy at work, can read after a fashion, and likes to attend Ethiopian minstrel concerts.

He enjoys his freedom, and was discovered before sunrise on the morning of the last anniversary of "the day we celebrate," capering about in high glee, and shouting to the dog that capered with him, "De Fourth o' July am done come—Coby, *De Fourth o' July am done come!*"

Jim is healthy, and may live to vote some day; so I do not propose to give you his autobiography to any great extent.

I will only add one anecdote.

At the farm they had a tame fox, which was something of a pet.

In lack of other game, the rats and mice occasionally caught about the house or barn were given to young Reynard, who devoured them with avidity.

One day some visitors gave him three large rats, and the fox, allowing his voracious appetite to get the better of his discretion, ate them all.

It was too much.

The rats gave him fits.

He died in convulsions.

There was mourning at the farm, but most of all by Jim.

He wouldn't be comforted.

At last, peremptory orders were given for Reynard's burial, and Jim performed the sad offices with a heavy heart.

It was observed that, after digging the grave below the barn, he formed himself into a funeral procession, and with his long-handled spade at reversed arms, he marched slowly three times around the barn, gravely whistling some funeral dirge he had learned while "a member" of the rebel army.

So the fox was buried with military honors.

The scene was solemnly ludicrous.

Next day he was noticed busily at work, with a jack-knife and lead pencil, upon a piece of pine board.

"What are you doing, Jim?" was the inquiry.

"Why, Massa—Ise makin a tombstone for de dead fox."

Jim had learned to make letters, after a rude fashion, and had seen many a brief epi-

taph on the headboard at the grave of some fallen soldier.

He was now making the inscription, and was pleased to have his work noticed.

"What are you going to put on for an Epitaph, Jim?" inquired the gentleman.

Jim straightened up with conscious pride, and indicated the position of the words with his pencil, as he replied:

DEAD FOX.

—o—

Come to dis Life
from eatin
TREE DEAD RAT.

CYFAX.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.

BY ARMAC.

Little Miss Muffet
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey,
There came a large spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

MOTHER GOOSE.

It is unlikely that nursery songs were made by nurses. The half articulate nonsense of their lullabies gives no such glimpses of meaning as the penetrating critic's eye detects in these ancient melodies. These are waifs that have come down from remote days, some of them from Oriental homes, but most of them among the English, from the middle ages, and from Saxon experience. This child's collection is a magazine of historic hints, a museum of broken relics, delightful to the antiquarian, and full of worth to the student of social progress. Taken almost at random, these simple songs betray traces of manners and pictures of life among our ancestors, which were undoubtedly trusted by wise men of the common people to these rude forms, in order that they might escape hostile notice, and be safely handed down by tradition from child to child. Just as the negro songs of our own day will be cited some centuries hence to illustrate the state of their composers, so we may shrewdly catch from these artless stanzas side-lights upon the by-gone forms of society in which they were born.

We ought not to be surprised, therefore, to discover an old German version of the little poem at the head of this sketch, written in the tone and probably about the time of the Nibelungen Lied, which runs as follows:

"Auf dem Hügel voll Gras, klein Moffetchen sass
Die Molken und Sauer Milch fressend,
Und schrecklich, sieh da! die Spinne lässt sich nieder,
Und sie läuft fort, die Speise vergessend."

What a strong and simple view of the relations of ranks in the chivalric age is here preserved!

Doubtless some early village Hampden, too wise to complain aloud, thus wrought his protest against oppression into rhyme, and sent it forth in the unsuspected disguise of a nursery ballad, to plead for his class in future days! A few bold lines reveal in this individual story a record of general inequality and wrong. The pastoral uncultivated character of the country, the open air life of its poorer inhabitants, and the scantiness of their primitive diet are here sketched with a spirited touch or two.

The "Black Spider" is, of course, a figurative expression for the robber baron of the neighborhood, who either bore that cognizance on his arms, or had won that familiar name through his subtle and cruel character. The insulting freedom of his approach is brought out in fine contrast to the courtesy which he would have assumed with one of his own rank; and the alarm with which the peasant maiden flies from his advances indicates more strongly than volumes of history could do, the habitual insolence of his class, and the helpless subjection of hers. We can imagine the sequel which the indignant bard had not heart to write—how the ruthless intruder sated his rapacity with the rustic meal, and wound his way back to his stronghold in the clefts of the rocks, while the wronged damsel fled weeping and supperless to her cabin, where the poet, perhaps her own father, seizing the lyre of the period, wreaked his only possible revenge by holding up the black spider in deathless doggerel to the hatred of mankind.

We rejoice, *en passant*, that the possession of the original enables us to reject a variorum reading which some commentators have absurdly suggested in the form "there came a Black—spied her, and sat down," etc. The rarity of the African race in the country and at the date to which this fragment undoubtedly belongs, should have checked the color mania at least in criticism.

While the hidden significance of these traditional lyrics is full of interest for mature minds, it is doubtful whether any good would result from disturbing the illusion under which the infant intellect still regards them as amusing fictions only. Their own experience will teach children all too soon, the wrongs and wiles of man and womankind. Would that we too could return to our simple faith of half a century ago, and still hear in these snatches of rude melody the unmeaning prattle of babyhood, instead of the cry of humanity from the Past!

If the courage of the bard had equalled his power, he might have told the story after this wise:

The mayde was fayre as any mayde colde bee,
But blushed to rose where the sun's kysse did light.
Her nut-brown tresses vayled her to the knee,
And coarse serge hyd the rest. She MOFFAT hight.
Her father toyled, a poore clodhopping wight—
Unweeting that from him of mean degree,
A race of cunning leeches should descend,
Who wealth would heape, and Moffat's patent pills would vend.

When as the sun 'gan set, for the she did fare
To urge the kine home from their grassy haunt,
Hard by the frowning donjon's towers, where
The Baron von der Speyder's flag did flaunt.
A grisly robber he, all grim and gaunt.
Ne wot he, how, long hence, his coming heir
Should spoyle his name, his knightly blood degrade,
And eke in Speyer's Lion Brewery drive a trade.

Der Speyder spyed her 'mongst the silly kine,
Whom having eased of milk, with hands more white,
She chose a tuft and sat her down to dine,
On whey and curds, the rustic mayde's delight.
He stole behind her, all in armor dight,
Hungry with much base purpose, brave with wine,
And plumped him downe beside her, and would fayne
Have clasped her wayste. She saw, and shrieked, and fledde amayne.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

HIS GRAVE.

Hush! This is the lone spot which he and I own—
He in a dreamless sleep, and I in silent woe,
Even the mournful wind in melancholy moan
Lovingly lingers here forgetful where to go.

All that remains to me! dust and an aching pain,
For the lips I kissed are dumb and white and cold!
O just another word! but I wait, I wait in vain—
His life is music fled, his love a story told.

Hush! This is the lone spot which he and I together own;
So whisper, mournful wind, that trust remains the same,
Sigh low to him, sad wind, with tender sob and moan,
Love lies unchanged forever around his sacred name!

Newburyport, Nov. 15, 1865.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

A PLEA FOR THE PURBLIND.

BY MARK TAPLEY.

It is but small comfort to the near-sighted—among whom I belong—to know that they are a large and increasing class. Misery undoubtedly loves company, but I have never heard that the gregarious condition of a mad-house, for instance, contributed much to the contentedness of any individual among its inmates. Dr. Johnson was notoriously purblind, so was Neander, so have been and are a large number of those whom Hegel classes as "world-historical" men; but there is not necessarily any compensation to us even in this comforting knowledge, unless we can be assured that some direct connection subsists between the clearness and scope of their mental insight, and the obscured condition of their physical outlook.

In fact, we must be content to look upon our purblind vision as a misfortune and a deformity; and though, as I hope to show, it cannot be regarded as an unmixed evil, we must still class near-sightedness with the condition of being "slightly deaf," as one of the most prominent among the minor miseries of life, among those *désagrémens* which give us especial inconvenience in society, and most contribute to heighten the embarrassments of intercourse between men and women. And purblindness is even worse than deafness, for the deaf man has this advantage over the near-sighted one, that he can better conceal the misunderstandings which grow out of his situation. If you don't hear, or don't understand, you need not answer; but when the eye deceives us, it speaks its own speech and betrays all. It is contiually guilty of committed sins as well as omitted ones: and there is no time for repentance nor for biting of lips, when the bow has been passed in the wrong place, or when the neck has been stiffened where it should have bent.

I suppose there is no short-sighted person but can recall a thousand instances, within his own experience, of the wretched mistakes into which his misfortune has betrayed him—

mistakes that would be laughable enough, if they were not so embarrassing. Cannot every one of my purblind readers remember how often he has arrested some one on the street with all that cordial warmth and joy with which we are wont to celebrate our rencontres with old friends, and has been repaid with the sudden and merciless demolition of a strange face set in a "stony British stare"? You need to be self-possessed, to have your blushes under command, to be fluent in the language of apology, when, on clapping the man before you upon the shoulder, with a "Hallo! Jack! where have you been for a century?" you are wheeled upon by a face you never saw before, but upon which is written, in legible and frowning characters, the pleasant legend; "What do you mean, sir?" Worse still, think of hailing some (supposed) acquaintance upon the opposite side of the street, stopping him, and going across to speak with him "upon particular business"; think of the confusing doubt that grows up in your mind as you get nearer; and of the confounding and confounded certainty, as you approach closer, and find you have accosted a perfect stranger, perhaps, or some enemy, sooner than speak to whom you would have bitten off your tongue! As the boys say: "There's no fun in it."

Again, you are often accused of "cutting" the very men with whom you are especially desirous to be upon pleasant terms, and no explanation—even if you have the chance to make one—can entirely smoothe away the feeling of pique they entertain against you on account of your unwitting eyes. If the offended one should be a lady—and even were she your affianced bride, your eyes could not see her any better—the consequences are often really lamentable. Our fair friends have a certain sensitiveness in the matter of being "seen," which is too poignant to be satisfied with explanation, to receive apology or to hear reason. Many a heart has been broken through absence of spectacles, and many a *dot* has been overlooked by purblind eyes that were in earnest search of just such a thing, too.

Perhaps the most unpleasant position in which a near-sighted man can find himself, is to enter, at night, a drawing-room full of company. The sudden blaze of light does not help him, nor does that *mauvaise honte*, which is the inseparable companion of myopy contribute to his comfort as he pauses on the threshold and blinks around, unable, it may be, to recognize a single face before him. Where is the hostess? Whither shall he turn to seek her? Whom shall he speak too? Poor fellow! If he speaks to any one she is likely to be the veriest stranger in the room; and he does not dare to sit down for fear he may intrude upon some delicate creature's lap, mistake moire antique for brocatelle, or doeskin cassimere for hair-cloth. Enviable mortal!

The annoying character of our misfortune is not lessened by the fact that it is universally made light of or misunderstood by those who enjoy a clear vision. Myopy, in fact, receives no more sympathy than the toothache or the loss of an umbrella; nay more, the nature and extent of the defect are scarcely credited by any one not in the same predicament. How often have people, who should know better, said to me: "Why, you cannot be near-sighted! You read without your glasses!" It is useless to explain to such persons the philosophy of the defect. They can no more see it than I can see whose name is upon the sign-board across the way, or what sort of a brooch Mrs. Tulle is wearing this evening.

Besides its social *gènes*, purblindness subjects us to certain real deprivations, of which the clear-sighted man can form no conception whatever. We do not see things as others see them. That "giftie" has not been given us. The face of nature wears quite another aspect to us from what it has in common eyes. We see all things, not as in a glass, darkly, but as through a veil, dimly. A haze settles down upon the visible universe; all sharpness and distinctness of outline are loss; every picture upon our disfocused retinas is "a blurred copy." I can well remember when, at the age of ten years, I saw a tree for the first time. Hitherto, my ideas of a tree embodied, of course, somewhat of its true form: its colors; the light and shade of massed foliage; but nothing more. I one day chanced to look out of a window through the eye-glass of a pretty cousin with which I had been toying, and caught a tree within the proper focus. The sight was a revelation. The old sycamore came forth as if at some magic touch, its outline sharp and clear, its branches and twigs perceptible in all their delicate tracery, its leaves perceptible each one, each one alive, each one danting, it seemed, "for jollity," like Spenser's "almond tree, on top of green Selenis." Then I knew that, for the first time in all my life, I had had a real view of things as others saw them; and, young as I was, the consciousness of all I had been losing was so poignant, that I had great ado to keep back my tears.

But, it must not be inferred that near-sightedness is without its compensations. On the contrary, we are indebted to it for some peculiar favors. The one convenience which we derive from it of an excuse for "cutting" undesirable acquaintances is a boon of inestimable value. And this dim veil through which we are constrained to look at all persons and all things spares us the sight of many a repulsive speck and blemish, and rewards us with many a pleasing illusion. Nature always comes before our eyes with something of the Indian summer dreaminess about her, and man has to us that true heroic shape the ideal gives him. The wrinkles, the blotches, the freckles that qualify beauty in other eyes have no existence in ours. We are unconscious of the scathe of passion, and the touch of time is softened in our sight. We see all things in the magnifying horizon of refraction, under the enchanting power of distance. I think nearly all the romances must have been near-sighted; ghost seers also, and dreamers like Fougué and Hoffman. There is something in the floating haze before our eyes that flatters the fancies, and stimulates our ideality. Our dreams take their shape and color from the subdued softness of what our eyes reveal to us awake: the castles we build in the air are not sharp-lined rude Gothic structures, but melting and dreamy forms of art, dim cloud-capt towers, and milk-white rounded domes that mingle with earth and sky and the sun's warm kisses like the dome of Taj-mahal the be aul.

And oh, clear-sighted friend, it is not in your mind to conceive what a glorious aspect the starry heavens wear to our eyes as we linger to gaze upon them! *You* have never seen the like! *Your* eyes have never blessed you with such a revelation! Those diverging rays which scarcely depart from the focus of the star in your eyes to us stream forth with a cometic radiance, forming a halo, a rich broad crown of light, spread far and broad, unshorn and magnificent as Aaron's beard. I have sometimes looked out at night when it seemed as if there was not an unilluminated spot in all the sky; ray shot forth to join ray till they overspread the heavens like the lace meshes of a Cuban lady's veil all besprent with fire-flies. As for the moon, she is a much more important lady in our purblind eyes that she can possibly be in your far-seeing ones. Her insignificant, saucer-like proportions grow with us into the serene silver majesty of a disk broad and bright as Achilles' shield; magnificent is she in her lurid rising, splashed with the blood of all Troy; magnificent is she on high, when, washed whiter than milk by contact with the dews of night, she moves upon her path, shedding down such a serene lustre as could not be equalled, were you to burnish and hang aloft all the silver in Washoe.

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

HANNAH THURSTON.

From the simple fact that Bayard Taylor is a *man*, it is to be presumed, undoubtedly, that any woman of common sense will know better than to stick her pen-point into *him!* But if any woman, with a respectable set of nerves, can read "Hannah Thurston" without wishing Bayard Taylor chief cook on the top of the North Pole, she has more amiability than good sense. A man who has sauntered up and down the world, seen much of humanity and married a *woman*, as Bayard Taylor has done, ought to know better than thus to presume upon the credulity of common people.

Bayard exhibited several good points in the book which ought not to be overlooked. He chose a maiden of thirty and a hero of thirty-six for his chief characters, which was especially praiseworthy. No one thing detracts more from the maturity of a book than the introduction of boys and girls endowed with all the graces and wisdom of gods and goddesses parading in court costume, when pinafores would be more suitable. The author possesses great genius for word-picturing. His sketches are delightfully panoramic. It is provoking to know that another can so analyze us, talk about us, dissect us, and dress us up in a book which every boor in the land may read if he chooses. The book is well written, of course. But when one has paid it this compliment, he has done his best. Its influence is pernicious. Bayard Taylor opens his mouth to tobacco and brandy, and becoming incensed at the Reformatory Artillery being hurled against them, has vented his anathemas through the medium of "Hannah Thurston," the woman of his book, in whose life the principles of Reform had become a part of her faith. Woodbury

the hero, is opposed to all such reforms. He loves Hannah, but cannot marry her with her principles, and so storms her castle of belief with an array of theories which she but half understands, but must, of course, accept, because Mr. Woodbury is a man, older than herself, and knows more!

He confounds her, confuses her, overwhelms her, takes advantage of her every perceptible weakness, follows up his vantage ground, allows her no recuperation, and when she finds herself adrift upon a sea of uncertainties, anchorless and rudderless,—when she is ready to perish, the magnanimous Woodbury extends his masculine arms, and obliges her to find safety in the sacred precincts of his overwhelming love. It is "Woodbury or Death" with "Hannah."

Before their marriage, Hannah had shown a great and well-founded dislike to the use of cigars. After their marriage, Hannah comes around and entreats Woodbury to *resume* his cigars! How natural and sensible! Perhaps.

There are not a few "Hannah Thurstons" and "Woodburys" in the world. But no such "Woodbury" ever made such a "Hannah Thurston" yield to his *dicta* as in this book. In real life it is the *reverse*. *Men* do the yielding of points *before* marriage, and woman asserts and holds her queenly supremacy. It is but a new way cleverly cut of showing up in an attractive garb woman's beautiful (?) submission to man—a triumph of masculine strength over womanly weakness—a skillful turning of beautifully colored false logic against reforms that are really needed to hold the masses from downright debauchery. The shot fired against spiritualism was well-meaning enough, but not very effective. It is to be regretted that a man of Bayard Taylor's mental calibre will build ideal men and women to preach his pernicious doctrines. There are many things in this book which are deliciously refreshing, but many things which a moral and Christian people cannot forgive him.

"Then the mannish selfishness of the book!" said a man to me one day, after I had thrown it down with an emphatic "finished."

"Isn't it the best book you ever read?" and he stroked his whiskers, and blinked his eyes, and smacked his lips, and finally arose, and strutted around the room with his hands in his pantaloon pockets, while every line and fold about him said as plainly as possible:—

"Didn't Woodbury convert Hannah splendidly! She became so thoroughly convinced that she said 'yes' to everything. Didn't he take the strongmindedness out of her and make her as clinging a vine as the most masculine man could wish! He never had to yield in a single instance. Hannah recognized her lord, after a prolonged struggle, to be sure, but finally was vanquished, and Woodbury came off victorious, just as a *man should*." Generous Bayard! you have hewn out a "blarney stone," that the pantalooned stock of the world will lick until the name of Taylor is no longer chewed "as a sweet morsel under the tongue."

PRINCESS ADRIENNE.

Hilldale, 1865.

The fire-bell nuisance is not yet abolished, but during the last week has been worse than ever

(*For the Saturday Press.*)

JOSH BILLINGS ON LAUGHING.

It never haz been proved, that enny or the animal kreation hav attempted tew laff, (we are quite certain that none hav succeeded), thus this deliteful episode and pleasant power appears tew be entirely within the province ov humans. It iz the language ov infancy—the eloquense ov childhood,—and the power tew laff is the power to be happy. It is becomeing tew awl ages and conditions; and (with the very few exceptions, sakred tew sorrow) an honest, hearty laff iz always agreeable and in order. It iz an index ov karakter, and betrays sooner than words.—Laffing keeps oph sickness, and haz conquered az menny disseases az ever pills have, and at mutch less expense.—It makes flesh, and keeps it in its place.—It drives away weariness and brings a dream ov sweetness tew the sleeper.—It never iz covetous.—It ackompanys charity, and iz the handmaid ov honesty.—It disarms revenge, humbles pride, and iz the talisman ov kontentment.—Sum have kalled it a weakness—a substitute for thought, but really it strengthens wit, and adorns wisdum, invigorates the mind, gives language ease, and expreshun elegance.—It holds the mirror up tew beauty; it strengthens modesty, and makes virtue heavenly. It is the light ov life, without it, we should be but animated ghosts. It challenges fear, hides sorrow, weakens despair, and carries haf ov poverty's bundles.—It costs nothing, comes at the call, and leaves a brite spot behind.—It iz the only index ov gladness, and the only buty that time kannot effase.—It never grows old; it reaches from the cradle clear tew the grave.—Without it, Love would be no pashun, and fruition would show no joy.—It is the fust and the last sunshine that visits the heart; it was the warm welkum ov Eden's lovers, and was the only capital that sin left them tew begin bizzness with outside the Garden ov Paradize.

(*Not from the Round Table.*)

A STORY FOR GOOD LITTLE GIRLS.

Ma-ry Har-ris was a lit-tle girl who lived in Chi-ca-go. She was a ve-ry pret-ty lit-tle girl, and one day an old bach-e-lor fell in love with her. So he used to write fine let-ters to her, and call-ing her "Rose-bud" and "Puss" and "Little Mollie." But he went to Wash-ing-ton, and got mar-ried and soon for-got his "Lit-tle Mol-lie." When Ma-y Har-ris heard the news she bought a pret-ty pis-tol, and went to Wash-ing-ton. There she found the old bach-elor in a big build-ing, which they called the Trea-su-ry De-part-ment. So she went up to him, and shot him with her pret-ty pis-tol. The bul-let went in-to the old bach-e-lor. This made him feel bad, and he died. Then Ma-ry Har-ris cried; for she was a good girl, and ve-ry af-fec-tion-ate. The sec-re-ta-ry came to see Ma-ry Har-ris, and pit-ied her ve-ry much. Then the ed-i-tors came to see her, and pit-ied her ve-ry much. For Ma-ry Har-ris was ve-ry pret-ty, and so af-fec-tion-ate. And the jail-ors of the pri-son all pit-ied her; and the judg-es, the ju-ry that tried her, and the law yers, all pit-ied lit-tle Ma-ry Har-ris. So they let her go free; and the good ju-rors said it was all a mis-take—that she didn't kill-ed any bo-dy. And ev-ery bo-dy kissed Ma-ry Harris, be-cause she was a pret-ty girl. And ev-ery bo-dy was ve-ry hap-py, and huz-za-ed, except the old bach-e-lor, who couldn't huz-za be-cause he was dead. Oh, what a nice thing it is to be a pret-ty girl and shoot an old bach-e-lor! Lit-tle girls be af-fec-tion-ate and shoot old bach-e-lors.

PALMERSTON'S DEATH-BED.—The following account of the state of Palmerston's mind at the time of his death, is from the last letter of Mr. Conway, the London correspondent of the Boston COMMONWEALTH:

I have the following from unquestionable authority. When it was perceived that Lord Palmerston would not recover, a clergyman, accompanied by Lord Shaftsbury, visited him for the purpose of having some religious conversation with him. They found the old man in a very low condition. The clergyman asked him if he thought the medicines which had been given him were beneficial. "Yes." The clergyman then hinted that there was another medicine which was of infinitely greater importance. "What is it?" said Palmerston. "The blood of Christ," replied the clergyman, who, with this for an opening, went on into a religious exhortation. When he came to a pause, Palmerston said, only "go on." The clergyman, pleased at this, went on with further religious remarks, and coming to another pause, Palmerston said, again, "Go on." Much encouraged by this the clergyman continued fervently, and Lord Shaftsbury, who is very pious, joined in with him. At lenght, Palmerston said, "That is well; now read the sixth article." No one present knew what this meant; and the clergyman referred to the sixth article in the prayer-book, which, however, shed no light on the mysterious request. On testing the dying man's mind further it became abundantly evident that he had supposed that he was listening to the treaty of Utrecht, the sixth article whereof related to the surrender of Dunquerque.

THE HERALD.—Poor old Mr. Bennett of the NEW YORK HERALD perseveres in the functions imposed upon him by the defection of his New York advertisers, as drummer-in-chief of the Chicago opera enterprise by Messrs. Crosby and Grau. Mr. Bennett's martyrdom, however, is far from being complete, unless he hires special trains to carry the audiences of the illustrious Maretzek free of all expense to this musical metropolis of America and back to their little village in the empire state. This arrangement will not only suit Mr. Crosby and Mr. Grau, but also the railway managers and hotel-keepers of Chicago! Let Bennet go ahead!

(*For the Saturday Press*)

ON A COXCOMB.

[FROM THE FRENCH.]

How very contented AUGUSTUS must be;
So nicely appareled, perfumed and curled;
For he is in love with himself, you see,
And hasn't a rival in all the world!

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THE MAYORALTY.

The great event of next week, in New York, will be the election of a mayor.

There are four regular candidates in the field, and if their respective friends may be believed they will all be elected.

We make bold to prophesy, however, that the choice will fall upon but one of them.

We will go even farther, and predict that the candidate elected will be the one that gets the most votes—and that that will be the reason of his election.

And if we dared to make a third prophesy, it would be that none of us will know who is the lucky man until after the votes are counted.

Meanwhile, the question comes up who *ought* to be elected.

There's the rub.

For our own part, having no prejudices in the matter and belonging to no party, we think he should be—the "best man."

Now who will tell us which *is* the best man?

We have the opinion of GUNTHER on the point—also of ROBERTS—also of HECKER—also of FARMER—but not yet of HOFFMAN.

HOFFMAN is a modest man and would hardly like to say.

Perhaps he feels some delicacy on the subject.

HOFFMAN is a delicate man.

Moreover, he is a GENTLEMAN.

This last fact is rather against him in a city which has been governed for the last twenty years by the Fenians (please don't challenge us; President MAHONEY) but some of us like him the better for it.

Indeed some of us go so far that we should like to have a gentleman for Mayor.

He would hardly be at home in the City Hall, to be sure, and would feel rather awkward in the presence of the aldermen (not to mention the "common scoundrels") but after a while he might get used to his position and possibly in a year or two gentlemen might be elected to support him.

In Boston, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Chicago, and some other cities, they have been in the habit of selecting (aye, and of electing) gentlemen for all branches of the city government.

Why not try the experiment here, beginning with the Mayoralty?

Just think of having a gentleman-mayor in New York—one like HOFFMAN himself, for example, whose character, culture, manners, speech, presence, would make him recognized as a gentleman in any part of the world.

The change would be a startling one, no doubt, but we should get used to it eventually, and who knows but in political circles, as elsewhere, gentlemen might, in a century or so, come to be the fashion?

The only difficulty that occurs to us, at the moment, is this—that if a gentleman (in other words a man of education, refinement, integrity and loyalty) should be elected mayor of New York, whether he could stand it.

A gentleman was appointed Collector here not long since, and the result we all know.

It might turn out the same if we elected a gentleman for Mayor.

But it would depend somewhat upon the gentleman.

If he were one who had been connected from youth with public affairs—one whose natural strength of character was such that temptation to vice became only an incentive to virtue—one at whose glance corruption would fain put on incorruption, and guilt slink away as from the face of justice—one, in a word, like HOFFMAN, who sustains all the relations of life as only a gentleman can—why it is just possible, that despite all the surroundings of the Mayoralty—despite an atmosphere enough to transform purity itself into impurity—he might maintain himself erect, and, by sheer force of character and energy of purpose, elevate an office which has hitherto been all but a disgrace to a position of dignity and honor.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

MY DEAR S. P.

I have seen "Lost in London," at Wallack's, and wonder it was found in New York. The daily papers say it will have a long run. I take issue with the daily papers. It will get weak in the knees before it has run a month.

It is an original play by Watts Phillips. The subject being taken from the French is not original, but Watts Phillips has treated the subject in his own way, therefore the play *is* original. In criticising plays, many writers confound originality of subject with originality of treatment, which latter is all that the majority of dramatists lay claim to.

There appears to be a confusion in the minds of several learned writers on the drama as to whether "Lost in London" was taken from "Jessie Mc Lean," produced some years since by Laura Keene, or whether "Jessie McLean" was taken from "Lost in London." Both pieces are free versions of "André le Mineur" played in Paris many years since at the Ambigu or Gaieté, I forget which.

But the subject has been treated in multitudinous forms for centuries, and never worse than by Watts Phillips. The action of his drama is horribly slow. He has taken the form of the French piece, but has omitted that which gave it life, namely the orgies of fa men and faster women, the forced society of whom constituted, according to the French dramatist, the punishment of the guilty wife; and he has substituted nothing in their place.

Let us see how this is.

Up with the curtain and discover the miner's cottage. Of course the miner's name is Job, he being a man created by the dramatist to suffer. Here we are introduced to the simple-hearted, honest, but ancient buffer, who in his simplicity has married a young and lovely but too susceptible flower of creation: a rough Cornish female with a good heart and bad pronunciation, a cockney tiger with an uncle, and a gay young youth possessed of a large estate and a passion for other men's wives. This scene ends with the gay young youth kneeling at the feet of the susceptible flower of creation and you know that she has "whispering she would ne'er consent, consented."

Then comes a carpenter's scene which in no respect advances the action of the play, and is therefore superfluous. The audience know now that the flower of creation is off—why then bother them with long speeches to persuade her to that which is already a foregone conclusion. If a carpenter's scene was a necessity, why could not the latter portion of the first scene have been omitted, and the front scene been occupied by a meeting between the flower of creation and the gay young youth with a passion. The flower having come to tell the youth that she would never—never leave her husband, but fainting from exhaustion superinduced by the telling blows of conscience and the tremendous internal conflict between love and duty she could have been carried off triumphantly by the gay young youth with a passion. The post-boy and the cockney tiger with an uncle, and the Cornish female could have had a powerful situation in attempting her rescue—then the action would have gone on without break or anti-climax.

In the third scene—"Dawn in the darksome mine"—the action of the piece stops altogether until, at the end, the Cornish female with the bad pronunciation enters to tell the simple Job that his susceptible wife has yielded to a pressure from within. All the talk about the choke-damp may be very learned, but it is uninteresting and leads to nothing. If it were a prelude to an explosion, it would be in its proper place.

In conclusion, so far as the first act is concerned, it would have been more dramatic and therefore more effective to have told the story of the elopement and its discovery in the first scene. The mine is a very good scene, but no action taking place in it absolutely requiring a mine—its introduction shows a great lack in Watts Phillips of a knowledge of his business.

The second act is the best. The scene between the gay youth with a passion and the crushed flower is artistically conceived and elegantly rendered by Mr. Fisher and Miss Madeline Henriques—but what should be a powerful situation—the recognition of the crushed flower by the Cornish maiden—is elaborated into weakness, and the act-drop falls on an impotent conclusion.

The third act could be omitted altogether with advantage to the play, as absolutely the only incident which forwards the plot is the appearance of the gentle shepherd, Job, in

quest of his lost lamb, and this is not necessary, inasmuch as his intention to do so was expressed in the first act.—In fact, after the recognition between the crushed flower and the Cornish maiden in the second act—the opera singers etc., should come on as they do in the fourth division, and the play proceed as it does at present, there would then be a culmination of incidents bringing the act-drop down on as effective a situation as a dramatist ever invented.

The fifth act terminates in a most unsatisfactory manner—the loves of the cockney tiger with an uncle and the Cornish maidon wftha good heart and a bad pronunciation—and also sets forth the great truths that brushed flowers will wither and die and that "to err is human, to forgive divine"—but I confess I do not think the author has made the most of his materials.

It is almost needless to say that the piece is placed on the stage as most of the pieces produced at Wallack's are, in the best possible manner.

Miss Madeline Henriques was easy and careful in the susceptible flower of creation, but is hardly up to rendering with the effect of which it is capable the great scene with the Cornish maiden in the second act.

The Cornish maiden is the best part in the piece, and Miss Morant did justice in it to her reputation as an actress, but I question if she prouced all the effect of which it is capable. Certainly the broad comedy of the part would have been better done by Mrs. Sefton.

Flounce, by Miss Mary Barrett was a very charming flounce.

Mr. J. W. Wallack, as the miner of many woes, was admirable. The author had the idea of a great part and produced a weak one—Mr. Wallack, by the force of artistic excellence, makes it strong.

Mr. Charles Fisher was the gay young youth with a passion for other men's wives. In the first act he had to make love, and he evidently thinks love-making a bore; but in the second act he becomes festive, and carries his wine like a gentleman. Anything more gracefully done than his delineation of a slight case of tight I never saw.

Mr. Young's Blinker was artistic but hardly smart enough, and Mr. Pope deserves mention for dressing and acting the unimportant part of Thomas.

To sum up, the success of "Lost in London," is due to the management and the actors of Wallack's Theatre, and not to its author, Watts Phillips.

AT THE WINTER GARDEN

the event of the week has been the revival of the Octoroon, compressed into four acts by the author, Dion Boucicault. Why or wherefore Dion Boucicault compressed Dion Boucicault I cannot say. The process of compression has certainly flattened the Octoroon.

The piece is well put on the stage and its first night was greeted by one of the largest houses of the season.

The cast is inferior to that of its original production at this theatre. Let us compare.

Mr. J. S. Clarke is sometimes worse and sometimes better than Mr. Jefferson in the part of Salem Scudder—it therefore follows that Mr. Jefferson was sometimes better and sometimes worse than Mr. J. S. Clarke. Time and space forbid any critical analysis. I will cry even on that.

For A. H. Davenport as George Peyton we have a Mr. —— well, I will not mention his name. If he cannot act, common sense should teach him that to dress a southern gentleman just returned from a European tour like a counter jumper out of luck is destructive to the illusion of the scene. But for suffering this gentleman to go on in the costume he wore, the stage manager is equally to blame; for if the gentleman has a salary too small to enable him to dress such parts, the management should not cast him for them, or should find him clothes to wear. Perhaps this could not be afforded in Peoria, but it ought to be in New York.

For the late T. B. Johnston as Jacob McClosky we have Mr. John Dyott. Mr. Johnston gave both character and intensity to his portraiture. Mr. Dyott gives neither, and evidently doesn't try.

For George Jamison as Pete we have C. Walcot, Jr. Well, let's toss up between them. Both first-rate.

For Agnes Robertson, and afterwards Mrs. J. H. Allen, we have Miss Rose Eytinge, who lacks the stage knowledge of the one and the *naiveté* of the other. Miss Eytinge wants to do too much, and I am afraid has been taught elocution.

For the original "Sunnyside," I forget who, we have Mr. H. Bland—at all times acceptable.

The original Dora was Mrs. J. H. Allen—now we have Mrs. C. Walcot, Jr. I have said that Miss Eytinge seems to strive to do too much. Mrs. C. Walcot, Jr. appears to strive to do too little. Either it is too much trouble for her to keep up to the mark, or she is not capable of doing so. I fear it is too much trouble. I believe she is capable.

Shakspeare once said that "care killed a cat." I know that carelessness kills many actors.

For Dion Boucicault as Wah-no-tee we have Mr. J. G. Hanley.

In what Dion Boucicault has not compressed out of Wah-no-tee, and he compressed nearly all of it, Mr. Hanley was about as good as Dion Boucicault.

If I go on with comparisons in this way, my dear S. P., I shall be compressed into four acts—therefore let me add that Mr. Andrews as the Auctioneer was capital. Ditto pretty Miss Kate Morton as Paul, and that the smaller parts were most creditably done—and that if I think the general cast inferior, it is possible that the public are not of my opinion, inasmuch as I should fancy the receipts of the revival foot up double to those of its original representation.

"Sam" at the Broadway continues triumphant, and will be given this afternoon, as usual, at a Matinée,—also at a Thanksgiving Matinée next Thursday.

Figaro was right in calling it a "Sam of Life," and right also in his high estimate of Frank Chanfrau and Olive Logan. The latter fulfils all the conditions of "a joy forever."

If the holiday-people don't rush to see "Sam" every night, they will make as great a mistake as they will if they allow Mrs. John Wood to withdraw "The Sleeping Beauty" from the Olympic.

Don't do it, Mrs. Wood. The "Sleeping Beauty" is the most exquisite show piece we have had on the New York stage for years, and to withdraw it before Christmas—even in the interest of "Monte Cristo" and E. L. Davenport—is simply ridioulous. To deprive the young folks of seeing it during the holidays is no more nor less than an act of cruelty.

If Barnum had it at the Museum he'd set all the nurseries in town wild with excitement.

In fact he is almost doing this now with his great circus troupe and his "hundred thousand curiosities."

In the equestrian line, however, commend me to Lent's New York Circus, and especially to the bare-back riding of the intrepid and irrepressible Robinson who is more at home on the side of a horse than you or I would be on his back.

I tried to do one of Robinson's tricks, myself, the other day in the Park, with the horse that they use at Niblo's in "Arrah-na-Pogue," but either the horse or I was out of training, and I made a failure of it. De Walden then tried it, but the horse tossed his head at him with contempt, and we both gave the thing up. "Figaro" stood by, all the while, laughing at us; but Figaro is capable of laughing at anything. I saw him laugh once at an American comedy. But then he has his tender points, too, for I saw him crying the other evening over "Arrah-na-Pogue." Imagine it!

But here I am "at about the end of my tether," as Figaro used to say when he had written himself out—so I may as well stop lest I be brought up with a round turn.

Moreover, I have but two other items on my budget—one is that M'me de Lesdernier, the accomplished elocutionist, is about to give two "Poetic and Dramatic Readings," in Clinton Hall (on the 12th and 18th of December), and the other, which will gladden your hearts, that "C. B. S." has about recovered from his late accident, and next week will resume his charge of this Feuilleton, and give you his views of Meyerbeer's "African girl," which, I presume, everybody but myself went for to see last night at the Academy.

I should have gone but that you had impressed me in your service, so please send me your tickets for to-night—also, at the same time, your blue dress-coat with the bright buttons, a pair of straw-colored kids, and an opera glass.

I haven't kept much run of opera matters lately, except in Chicago, and I know about them there only by reading the funny articles in the HERALD, which are more amusing than anything in PUNCH, at least to

BELPHEGOR.

Bennett complains that theatrical matinées are used chiefly for purposes of assignation. We had thought that the kind of assignation referred to were made, generally, through the personal column of the HERALD.

The Chicago papers announce that General Logan has been made President of the "Atwater Railroad Pump" of that city. Will the HERALD, which gives us little but Chicago news just now, explain to us what this Railroad Pump is? The honor of being President of a Bank, or of an Insurance Office, or of a Debating Society, or of a Republic even, we can understand; but think of being made President of a Pump!

PUNCH asks "Why Fenianism is hot?" and answers, with a wit too rare of late in its columns, "Because it is '98 in the shade.

TOO LATE.*

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

As through the wind-waved mist of morning,
Down a far sweep of sylvan glade
Come glimpses of some glistening statue,
Perplexed with shifting sheen and shade;—

So, through a veil of spectral vapors,
Now shrined in sun, now steeped in gloom,
I see a sweet, mysterious phantom
Of one beloved beyond the tomb.

"To love, and then to lose, is better
Than never to have loved?" Ah, well!
But of a love by loss engendered—
A phœnix-passion—who may tell?

Think that I never loved her, living!
Think of the awful throe of birth—
The sudden travail of my passion—
Begun the night she quitted earth!

And ever since, beyond forgetting
Of wasting care or wild caprice,
It grows upon me in the pauses,
And feeds upon its own increase.

And ever, in the spectral shadows,
Now sun-enshrined, now draped in gloom;
I see the sad, mysterious phantom
Of her beloved beyond the tomb!

* From a forthcoming volume by Mr. Gardette now in the press of Messrs. Bunce & Huntington of this city, under the title of "The Fire-Fiend and other Poems."

(*From the London Saturday Review.*)

AUTHORESSES.

The literary world in the present age seems quite full of authoresses, and as it is understood that lady writers object upon high moral grounds to anything but the most kindly criticism, the task of the critics of the day becomes very difficult. After pronouncing against some third-rate novel which is made up of murders and of moonshine, the critic feels as Diomede must have felt after wounding Venus in the arm. The injured goddess goes moaning about the magazines, and complaining to every one she meets in print, of the brutal conduct of some reviewer who has ventured to hint that her idea of the law of entail is a little peculiar, or that a curate in weak health is not necessarily the type of manly beauty or grandeur. After suffering and resenting this outrage, she falls back on the sympathy of a less irreverent public, and consoles herself with learning from the country papers and the British gentlewomen's monthly periodicals that her book is the book to go to for all those who want a fresh dewy truth to lay upon the human heart, and that many a weary mourner has to thank her for the gentle grace with which she walks through the chambers of the soul. It is almost impossible to persuade the casual authoress that in the republic of letters there is no distinction of sexes, and that a bad novel in three volumes is not the less a bad one because it has been written by a lady who believes that she has a decided vocation for writing it. Yet the high place occupied in modern literature by names like those of Madame Sand, or Miss Austen, or George Eliot, proves that when women really write well the world is perfectly ready to acknowledge it. SILAS MARNER and Consuelo have been treated with as much respect as if they had been the productions of princes of the blood; and even minor feminine artists, such as Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Barrett Browning, enjoy an enviable and honorable position among the novelists and poets of the generation. This ought to comfort authoresses, only that they are always refusing to be comforted. They cannot understand that, though the vast majority of women who rush into print write badly, a women's success will always please the most bloodthirsty male reviewer. And, as a rule, the mass of women writers do write badly. There is no doubt about it; and it is worth considering whether women have, as women, any special capacity—or, on the other hand, any special weakness—which assists them or disables them for literary enterprise. At the first blush, they seem to have many things in their favor. In the first place, they are refined and tenderhearted, and, like Horace's Chorus, are instinctively disposed to sympathise with the good and the poor and the oppressed. No woman would think of letting a character in her novel be a genuine hero who was cruel to flies, or who did not hate treading on a snail. Their books have generally a moral purpose either to bring out the value of true love, or to show that we ought not to mind ugliness in a heroine who is in other respects unobjectionable, or perhaps to teach us that a clergyman who does his duty by the poor is one of the noblest works of god. Then, again, women are observant of small things. This is a considerable step in the direction of insight into character—for character is made up of small qualities combined with great, and it is better to have an eye for the minutiæ of character than to have no eye for character at all. Women, lastly, appreciate to the full true and genuine sentimentality, and there are few great works of literary genius into which the best kind of sentimentality does not enter. The reverse side of the medal is, on the other hand, as easy to describe. Few people who are in the habit of reading the ephemeral literature of the day can fail to have observed the deficiency of plot and general effect that characterizes most works of feminine art. George Sand is about the only lady whose plots are excellent, and George Sand is only half a woman. In this respect even George Eliot is not unimpeachable. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than the contrast between the genius exhibited in detail by a story like the "MILL ON THE FLOSS," and the want of completeness in the story as a whole. When we descend to less accomplished performers, we are met with an equally conspicuous want of broad and striking humor. Humor in a subtle and finished form several great authoresses certainly display, but it is a humor which lives in the minute observation of shades of character. Women seldom seem to create either very humorous situations, or characters which of themselves throw a humorous light on all about them. No female writer has ever drawn anything approaching to Mr. Pecksniff, or Major Pendennis, or Uncle Toby; and it may be questioned whether any woman could appreciate the character of Falstaff. Both of these defects spring possibly from a common cause. Humor and plot both depend on an author's true and just estimate of the relations borne by the various parts of his work to one another, and to the whole. And if this be so, we think it is not hard to understand why women stand in some danger of falling short as regards both.

Putting aside rare instances of instinctive and intuitive genius, which being exceptional need not be taken into calculation, one may safely affirm that nothing except a serious study of the great models of literary art will ever give modern writers a thorough conception of what a good plot should be. There are so many temptations in our day to overlay the central conception with ornament, and tawdry finery, that it requires continual self-control and experience of a high kind to bring oneself back to the main purpose and idea, which no ornament or illustration should be permitted to obscure or hide. Greek literature, in this respect, is almost our only treasure-house and repository of perfect art. This does not mean that modern literature ought to be an imitation or parody of it. But if an author or an authoress wants to know what first-rate plots are like, they could not do better than consider the effectiveness as a whole of a Greek tragedy, or a Greek oration, and try to comprehend the principle in virtue of which it is so effective and powerful; It is a pity that the turn which the world has taken in the present century has given over literature to a class of writers who, whatever their merits, are neither great scholars nor great students. Literature loses by the change. Something, perhaps, we gain. We gain a sort of writing which is suited to the large masses of half-educated men and women who are beginning to enjoy literature, and on whom the highest form of literature would be thrown away. If only students and scholars wrote, we should miss the more or less valuable productions of many whose experience of life, and industry, and knowledge of character, deserve to be perpetuated in a lasting shape. But, although this is an excellent reason why others besides students should enter the literary field, it is no reason at all why those who enter the literary field should not study. A novelist requires training quite as much as a cook, or a painter, or a musician, and a man cannot expect by a naked light of nature to compose a first-rate poem or tale, any more than he can expect, upon tumbling into the water, to be able at once to swim. What is true of the majority of the littérateurs of the day is true preëminently of authoresses. They want literary training. The nature of a womans education debars her from the study of the best classical models. Say what one will, it is a misfortune never to have had a chance of reading and digesting Sophocles, or Demosthenes, or Plautus. The inference is not necessarily that all women should learn Greek. There is another inference, which may perhaps be as natural—namely, that women should pause before they take their pens in hand and sit down to draw upon their unpruned wealth of sentiment or imagination. Nor, even if the classics as a means of female training are to be tabooed, is it so certain that the ordinary female curriculum might not be infinitely improved. Next to, and almost on a level with, the study of the ancients comes the study of the highest creations of modern genius. Some fortunate ladies may in their sweet youth have come in contact with the best specimens of the classical literature o

their own country; but the number, perhaps, is limited of those who have ever mastered a single great English classic in a serious and artistic way.

In knowledge of the world women stand at a similar disadvantage. That they should be as fitted for literary work as the opposite sex, in respect of their knowledge of the various shades of character and life, is neither possible nor desirable. Half their function in life would be gone if they lost that fine gloss of innocence and delicacy which perhaps is incompatible with a profounder experience of the world. It is their business, and ought to be their pleasure, to preserve intact some of the finer ideals and illusions of the race. They could not do this and know life as the lawyer, or the physician, or the man of business knows it. And not knowing life—except in rare exceptions—they can hardly succeed in painting it. Those exceptional geniuses among them who have qualified themselves for authorship by tasting of the tree of knowledge, have sacrificed on one side what on another they have gained. Genius, perhaps, is a reason for overpassing the prescriptive barriers of sex; but nothing except genius can make up to the world what the world would lose if women were less virginal and primitive. Yet without this wide knowledge of the world all just estimate of character is unattainable. Quick feminine perception gives an insight into little trivialities and mannerisms, but cannot give the power of judging their value and the relation which they bear to the sum total of character itself. A woman's judgment of those whom she meets is usually formed in a peculiar and an unsatisfactory manner. She has a power of seeing little things at a glance. Little things are very important in her own life: she passes her day in copying with them; and she naturally attributes an exaggerated importance to them when she notices them in the life or the bearing of others. From her childhood she has been compelled to watch herself narrowly in trifles, and to adapt herself in trifles to those about her. How they look, and what they say, and where they sit, are all matters on which her comfort and her peace depend, and occupy a considerable share of her thoughts and meditations. She takes abroad with her the same system of narrow observation, and when she comes home has ample time to brood over and to draw conclusions from what she has observed. Her view of character generally is made up of vast and sweeping deductions, based on absurdly minute data. Sometimes it is miraculously right, but oftener it is astoundingly wrong. She remembers what the gentleman who was introduced to her was doing to his watch-chain while he talked, and wonders why on earth he did it, and goes on to consider what a gentleman who fiddles with his watch-chain must be like at heart. Most men have no time to notice incidents of the kind, nor have minute incidents any bearing on their affairs. The small episodes of conversation and of domestic or social life fall off a busy man like water off a duck's back. Nothing astonishes him more than when he comes home at night and finds that some observant old maiden aunt has been perplexing her poor head all the day over the insoluble problem whether the person who took her into lunch was quite justified in pronouncing so positively that he did not admire the Prince Consort, or in asserting that governesses were a trying lot. These petty tests of excellence and of defect, by which women measure all their friends and acquaintenances, are the main principles which authoresses bring to bear upon the delineation of their favorite characters. They are most particular to inform the reader of the flashing of the hero's eyes when he was in a passion, and how the blood rushed suddenly and naturally to the heroine's pallid lips. The result is a caricature and not a picture—a drawing-room view of the hero as he appears to the female eye, not an adequate portrait of a man. A singular illustration of this was afforded the other day by a correspondence that took place between Miss Braddon and an able evening cotemporary. The reviewer had, upon the whole, condemned Miss Braddon's latest work, and par parenthèse, had remarked on the singular freedom with which one of the heroines had greeted a gentleman on his first interview with her. Miss Braddon appears to have been bitterly wounded by the remark. She did not think it worth while to defend the general scope or tenor of her story; but she wrote to the PALL MALL GAZETTE to justify the lady's holding out her hand to the gentleman. She thought that, on the whole, it was a natural thing, under the circumstances, and was offended that any one should question her accuracy in so serious a matter of detail.

Authoresses will continue to make their plots odd, and their character-painting poor, as long as they are liable to the delusion that knowledge of the world is synonymous with a knowledge of the way in which a hero bites his lip, or a heroine holds out her hand. As we have said, knowledge of the world is not a gift which a kind divinity would care to bestow on woman. They know enough of the cares of life, without being initiated into its vices and its shadows. But so long as knowledge of the world is indispensable in a novel, so long must authoresses who *will* write be content to submit to those criticisms which ignorance of the world in a novelist deserves and requires. The wisest thing for a woman is to abstain from pen and ink, unless her vocation is indisputable. The enemy of mankind takes different forms. For the female sex he possibly often assumes the delusive form of a publisher of three-volume novels. The best advice for man to give his fair and tempted sisters is the counterpart of the advice which Odysseus followed with so much success when he came to the dwelling-places of the Sirens. Let women who are tempted to be authoresses, whenever the insidious publisher appears, close their ears and sail quickly by, singing the praises of the gods. Anybody may be a consumer of literary produce. When we come to talk of production, the burden of proof shifts, and it is for the producer to show cause why he or she should be a producer. Mere love of the occupation is not a sufficient reason. What the Vicomte says in the "COUNTESS OF ESCARBAGNAS" about poetry, may be applied also to romance. "Il est permis d'être parfois assez fou pour faire des vers, mais non pour vouloir qu'ils soient vus."

GEN. BUTLER went to Washington a short time ago to "settle up;" he has now determined to "settle down" there.

(For the Saturday Press.)

NOVEMBER.

Through the dim vistas of the yellowing wood
The pale leaves flutter in the cheerless blast,
The Year is in that sad, religious mood
Wherein sweet memories of the jocund Past
Are mingled with mysterious beckonings
To the far land whose ever blooming springs
Just halt at summer's flowery verge, and hold
The gentle scepters of an Age of gold.

NATHAN D. URNER.

(From the Californian.)

THE ROSE.

"Rose! thou art the sweetest flower,
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild!"
Moore's Anacreon.

The rose is mentioned by the earliest writers of antiquity as an object of culture. Herodotus speaks of the double rose, and Solomon of the rose of Sharon and of the plantations of roses at Jericho. Theophastrus tells us that the hundred-leaved rose grew in his time on Mount Pangœus, and it appears that the Isle of Rhodes (Isle of Roses), received its name from the culture of roses carried on there. Roses were more highly prized by the Romans than any other flowers, and they had even attained to the luxury of forcing them. Under the reign of Domitian, the Egyptians thought of offering to that Emperor's court as a magnificent present, roses in the middle of winter, but this the Romans smiled at, so abundant were roses in Rome at that season. In every street, says Martial, the odor of spring is breathed, and garlands of flowers freshly gathered are displayed. "Send us corn, Egyptians, and we will send you roses!" says Martial.

Roses were employed both by the Greeks and Romans to decorate their tombs. Of the history of the rose from the time of the Romans till the time of Tournefort, when botany became a science, very little is known, but there can be no doubt that in the dark ages they were held in esteem by all who could procure them. When Saladin took Jerusalem in 1128, he would not enter the mosque of the Temple—then converted into a church by the Christians—till the walls had been thoroughly washed and purified with rose-water. Voltaire says that, after the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. in 1453, the church of St. Sophia was washed with rose-water in a similar manner before it was converted into a mosque.

We read in the "History of the Mogul Empire," by Father Catron, that the celebrated Princess Nourmahal filled an entire canal with rose-water, upon which she was in the habit of sailing along with the Great Mogul. The heat of the sun disengaged the essential oil from the rose water. This was observed floating upon the surface of the water; and thus was made the discovery of the essence, otto, or ottar of roses. Formerly, it was the custom to carry large vessels filled with rose-water to baptisms. Bayle relates, upon this subject, that at the birth of Ronsard, his nurse, on the way to church, let him fall upon a heap of flowers, and that at this instant the woman who held the vessel of rose-water poured it upon the infant. Roses were often

in the days of chivalry, worn by cavaliers at tournaments, as an emblem of their devotion to love and beauty.

The rose has been a favorite subject with the poets of all countries, in all ages. It was dedicated by the Greeks to Aurora, as an emblem of youth, from its freshness and revivifying fragrance; to Venus, as an emblem of love and beauty, from the elegance of its flowers; and to Cupid, as an emblem of fugacity and danger, from the fleeting nature of its charms and the wounds inflicted by its thorns. It was given by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, as a bribe to prevent him from betraying the amours of Venus, and was hence adopted as the emblem of silence.

The rose was for this reason frequently sculptured on the ceilings of drinking and feasting rooms, as a warning to the guests, that what was said in moments of conviviality should not be repeated, from which, what was intended to be kept secret was said to be told "under the rose." The Greek poets say that the rose was originally white, but that it was changed to red, according to some, from the blood of Venus, who lacerated her feet with its thorns when rushing to the aid of Adonis; and, according to others, from the blood of Adonis himself.

The fragrance of the rose is said by the poets to be derived from a cup of nectar thrown over it by Cupid, and its thorns to be the stings of the bees with which the arc of his bow was strung. Anacreon makes the birth of the rose coeval with those of Venus and Minerva:

"When, then, in strange, eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprang, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wantoned o'er its parent breast,
The Gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose—the boon of earth."

Another fable relating to the birth of the rose is, that Flora, having found the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, whose beauty could only be equalled by her virtue, implored the assistance of all the gods and goddesses to aid her in changing it into a flower, which al others should acknowledge to be their queen. Apollo lent the vivifying power of his beans; Bacchus bathed it in nectar; Vertumnus gave its perfume; Pomona its fruit, and Flora herself, its diadem of flowers. Other mythological writers relate that the beautiful Rhodante, Queen of Corinth, to escape the persecutions of her lovers, attempted to seclude herself in the temple of Diana, but, being forced by the clamor of the people from the sanctuary prayed to the gods to change her into a rose, which still bears the blushes that dyed her cheeks when forced to expose herself to public gaze, and under which form she is still universally admired. A beetle is often represented on antique gems as expiring, surrounded by roses, and this is supposed to be an emblem of a man enervated by luxury, the beetle being said to have such an antipathy to roses, that the smell of them will cause its death. Pliny tells us that they garnished their dishes with these flowers, and cites the custom of wearing garlands of them at their feasts. Cleopatra received Antony at one of her banquets in an apartment covered with rose-leaves to a considerable depth, and Antony himself, when dying, begged to have roses scattered on his tomb.

The Roman generals who had achieved any remarkable victory, were permitted to have roses sculptured on their shields. Rose-water was the favorite perfume of the Roman ladies, and the most luxurious even used it in their baths. The Turks believe that roses sprang from the perspiration of Mahomet, for which reason they never tread upon a rose-leaf or suffer one to lie upon the ground; they also sculpture a rose on the tombstones of females who die unmarried. In an old mosaic in the church of St. Susan at Rome, Charlemagne is represented kneeling and receiving from St. Peter a standard covered with roses. The custom of blessing the rose is still preserved in Rome, and the day on which the ceremony is performed is performed is called Dominica in Rosà. The seal of Luther was a rose. In 530 St. Medard, Bishop of Noyon, instituted a festival at Salency, his birthplace, for adjudging annually the prize of a crown of roses to the girl who should be acknowleded by all her competitors to be the most amiable, modest and dutiful in the village; and he had the pleasure of crowning his own sister as the first Rose-Queen. This custom was continued to the time of Madame de Genlis, who, in the first volume of her *Theatre d'Education*, has written a beautiful little drama, entitled *La Rosierè de Salency*, on the subject. In the middle ages the knights at a tournament wore a rose embroidered on their sleeves as an emblem that gentleness should accompany courage, and that beauty was the reward of valor.

Shakspeare, who no doubt followed some old legend or chronicle, derives the assumption of the red and the white roses by the rival houses of York and Lancaster, from a quarrel in the Temple Gardens between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and the Earl of Somerset, the partisan of Henry of Lancaster. Finding that their voices were getting too loud, Plantagenet proposes that they shall

"In dumb significance proclaim their thoughts."

adding:

"Let him who is a true born gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he supposes I have pleaded truth.
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me."

To which Somerset replies:

"Let him who is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me."

Their respective followers gathered the different-colored roses; and hence tradition says these flowers were adopted as the badges of the houses of York and Lancaster, during the civil wars which afterwards desolated the country for more than thirty years. The Rosa Alba is said to have been the one chosen as the badge of the House of York, and the Rosa Gallica as that of Lancaster. The York and Lancaster rose, which, when it comes true, has one-half of the flower red, and the other half white, was named in commemoration of the union of the two houses by the marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York.

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